

SALT LAKE HERALD.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.
BY THE HERALD PUBLISHING CO.

THE TIMES

Are rather
RANTANKEROUS.
That's a fact, but there are no signs of distress among the leading advertisers. There is still

SOME MONEY

Being spent, and the man who

RUSTLES,

The man who

ADVERTISEMENTS

And keeps right before the public is the man who is getting the

LION'S SHARE

Of the business. Don't go to sleep and wait for good times to wake you up. You will be

FORGOTTEN BY THAT TIME.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Changes for advertisements in The Sunday Herald must be handed in not later than Friday night.

BRIEF AND BREEZY.

Seven Fourth of July drunks were run in by the police yesterday.

The fire department did not have a call yesterday, contrary to expectations and precedent.

Several heavy parties and private parties were given by prominent society people yesterday.

In the shooting contest at Calder's yesterday, C. B. Fennell won a score of 120 points out of a possible 120.

Now that Commissioner Noble, of the police and fire board, has returned a session of the commission will be held at once.

William Jones and W. C. Craft, members of the Critterton Colored quartette, were arrested yesterday on the charge of vagrancy. They will be tried this morning.

Yesterday's temperature at 6 a. m. was 57, at noon 74, at 3 p. m. 81, at 6 p. m. 77, lowest 57. Forecast for today: Fair, warmer in the evening.

During the storm yesterday afternoon, a number of parties took shelter in the unfinished house of R. S. Thompson, in Sugar House street. After they had gone, Mr. Thompson missed an overcoat.

James Reid and L. E. Miller engaged in a scuffle on Main street yesterday afternoon and were arrested by Sergeant Ford and Officers Yeom and Gillespie. The former was released on his recognizance while Miller still languishes.

J. H. Melius, a carpenter, was arrested last night at the California restaurant for refusing to pay for a meal. He was held in jail for 24 hours, and then released on his \$500 bond.

Victor Backman, M. G. Helme and Matt Keyson were arrested yesterday afternoon by officers of the police and fire board, on the charge of shooting fire crackers. They were held in jail for 24 hours, and then released on their \$500 bond.

A twelve year old boy named Davis, residing with his parents in the Eleventh ward, yesterday afternoon received a bullet wound in the chest, through the explosion of a large fire cracker. He had been playing with the cracker in the yard, and it exploded just as he was about to throw it.

The sudden small which blew over the city for a few minutes last yesterday afternoon demolished a great deal of the flag and hunting which were displayed. The flag broke into shreds, and the hunting was blown down and fell on the sidewalk with such force that it made a hole six inches deep in the pavement, and keeled over striking the awning, and smashing the glass window in G. A. Scott & Co.'s hardware store.

A "weeb" brakeman named Griffer who had agreed to go out on the California Springs special yesterday morning, was killed by a train which ran over him. The train was coming from the west, and he was standing on the tracks when it struck him.

The celebration of the Labor trust at the Warm Springs park yesterday started out auspiciously but wound up disastrously. The number of people who attended was estimated at 10,000, and the celebration was a success in every respect.

There came near being a small riot in the afternoon and evening at the fair, and some of the people who were present were injured. The fair was a success in every respect, and the people who attended were very much pleased.

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FOURTH OF JULY TRAGEDY.

A Soldier Fatally Stabbed By a Civilian.

DRINK WAS THE CAUSE.

THE MEN ENGAGED IN A SALOON QUARREL.

William Thornton, a private in Company D, Sixteenth infantry, came down from Fort Douglas yesterday to celebrate the Fourth. This morning his body lies on a slab in the morgue.

The story of the tragedy in brief is as follows: Thornton had been drinking somewhat during the day, and in the afternoon he went into Ferando & Rundell's saloon, No. 149 South, West Temple street, just below the governor's office. Here he met W. A. Hobbs, a man above 60 years of age, who had also been drinking. The latter served through the civil war in the Confederate army, and noticing Thornton's uniform, engaged in conversation with him on military matters. The men began talking about 6 o'clock, at first in a friendly spirit, but the conversation soon turned upon the war and the discussion

BECAME QUITE BITTER, the civilian taking the side of the south, and insisting that those who fought for the lost cause were just as good as the men who marched under the stars and stripes. The discussion soon became personal, the soldier finally remarking that if it were not for Hobbs' gray hairs, he would knock him down, while the civilian wanted him to proceed. At this stage of the quarrel, one of the proprietors interfered and showed Hobbs out of the rear door. In less than a quarter of an hour the old man re-entered the place, walking into the back room, and the quarrel was at once resumed.

In the course of the talk the soldier said that if the civilian made any bad break

HE WOULD HIT HIM. Hobbs returned a contemptuous reply, and Thornton advanced towards him. The civilian thrust his hand into his pocket and it is alleged, drew a knife, but at this stage John Schwartz rushed between them and, seizing the old man, forced him out the back door and locked the door.

The door was then unlocked and the men went out. Thornton turned north, at the corner of the building he met Hobbs, who was coming through the alley out on to West Temple. Some words were exchanged, which, however, were not heard by any other parties. So far as was observed by the few spectators, there was no commotion until Hobbs, who evidently had the knife in his hand as he came out.

STABBED THE SOLDIER TWICE. In the groin, and then went down West Temple street as rapidly as he could walk.

Thornton stood still for a moment and then walked to the saloon entrance, but turned back on reaching it and went into the saloon, leaving the knife on the sidewalk. The back door was locked and he knocked at the same time calling out, "Let me in."

Schwartz, the bartender, unlocked the door and the soldier staggered into the rear door and tumbled down under the pool table. Then followed an exhibition of indifference and ignorance on the part of the proprietors. Men crowded into the place and, after taking a look at the injured man, who was by this time fairly weltering in the blood that flowed from his wounds, calmly remarked that he ought to have a doctor but no move was made to get one until Thornton's bunk mate arrived on the scene. He seemed to realize that the situation was serious, and had messengers sent for a physician. The police had in the meantime arrived and they joined in the

EFFORT TO GET A DOCTOR. Meantime Thornton's comrade cut off the soldier's trousers and, by tying a band around the limb succeeded in stopping the flow of blood, at least temporarily. About half an hour after the soldier was stabbed, doctors commenced to arrive. Dr. Watkins, Dr. B. Beatty and Dr. Hicks arrived at almost the same time. Before they could get to work, however, the soldier was dead.

HE DIED TO DEATH. The wounds were inflicted with a large pocket knife, the blade being about three inches long. Doctor Beatty was of the opinion that the femoral artery had been cut, although he did not know for certain. One cut was in the groin and the other lower down on the thigh. If the unfortunate man had received prompt medical attention, he would have lived, but he was not injured his life could easily have been saved. The medical profession was roundly abused by the large crowd that gathered in the saloon for not responding to an emergency call more promptly, but the delay was probably due as much to lack of intelligent effort to secure a physician as to anything else.

HOBBS ARRESTED. After having stabbed Thornton, Hobbs walked rapidly down West Temple street, as stated, but was followed by two men who had witnessed part of the difficulty. On reaching the board of trade building, Hobbs rushed upstairs and hid in a closet for a time, and then came out. He went down Third South street, continuing his way west, with the two citizens camping on his trail. Sergeant Harvey Ford, who by this time had arrested a man in a buggy, and he overtook Hobbs when near the Old Fort square. One of the citizens pointed the man out to the sergeant. On being arrested he simply said: "Well, I did it, and

I SUPPOSE I'LL HANG FOR IT. God help me."

Hobbs was placed in the buggy and quickly taken to the city hall, and then locked up in jail.

JOHN E. SCHWARTZ, the bartender at the saloon, said: "These two men were in the back part of the saloon and became involved in a quarrel about the civil war. The proprietor put Hobbs out once, but he came back in fifteen minutes and the quarrel was renewed. I heard the soldier say 'If you make any bad break I'll hit you.' Hobbs replied 'Well, if you knock me down I'll get up a rebel just the same.' At this time the proprietor put Hobbs out the back door, locking it, and he then went out the front door, and in a very short time, knocked at the rear door and I let him in. He was bleeding badly."

FRANK COLTON, who rooms in the Kimball block, said: "I was in the saloon when the men began talking about the civil war, and that led to a quarrel. The soldier said that if he did not respect gray hairs, he would knock the old man down. 'If you have any friends here' said the soldier, 'let 'em out.' It was then that Hobbs was elected from the place. He came back in a few minutes, and

THE DEAD SOLDIER.

William Thornton, the soldier, was about 35 years of age, and had served in the army four years. His bunk mate thinks he was a native of New York, but little is known of his antecedents. During the time he was stationed at Fort Douglas he figured in the police court a few times, and was arrested once on the charge of ending up a Chinaman on Commercial street.

HOBBS' HISTORY. W. A. Hobbs is about 60 years of age and a native of Georgia. He has a wife and eight children, and resides on Eighth South, between Fifth and Sixth West. He came to Salt Lake City five years ago, and lived at Provo for two years. Three years ago he came to Salt Lake and has since resided here. He is a laborer, and has been known here intimately for a long time, says that he has always conducted himself as a quiet, peaceable man. The only theory upon which he can explain the old man's act is that he was drunk.

Hobbs' eldest son, a young man about 19 years of age, was seen by a Herald reporter last night. He was completely overwhelmed by the awful affair, and sobbed like a child when talking about it. He says that his father has always been a peaceable man, and could not imagine what induced him to do the deed.

STILL A MYSTERY. The whereabouts of W. C. Brownlee still unknown. The whereabouts of W. C. Brownlee is still unknown to his friends, the continued search having proven fruitless. It is now almost certain that he is not dead, as the looking for him has been continued. The investigation having been conducted by the anxious searchers, the latter are entirely in the dark in the face of the non-success of the search. There now seems to be some question as to Brownlee's suicidal intentions.

In accordance with the request of the missing man, the police have been notified of the statements contained in the letter left for Joe Ennsperger. Whether or not the police for the life insurance will be put in at once is unknown.

HOTEL AND ROTUNDA. Daniel Keith, superintendent of the Anchor mine at Park City, returned to this city yesterday from his wedding tour to Ohio, and inscribed his name on the Cullen register. Mr. Keith is a mining engineer, and his many friends were extending their congratulations.

The hotel registers were all very light yesterday, owing to the non-arrival of the trains. A number of parties are registered at the Knutsford and Templeton who came from Ogden in carriages. Now they are here, they are wondering when they will get away again.

Dr. H. B. Asadoroff is in from Castle Gate, stopping at the Cullen. H. A. Creamer and Ed M. Congdon, railroad men from Ogden, are stopping at the Cullen.

A. J. Kilbourn and wife, from Brigham, are guests of the Cullen. Pat Kinsman, from Eureka, stopping at the Cullen.

F. C. Gasland, from Bingham, is at the White house. William B. Mitchell and family, from Eureka, are guests of the White house. Edward Cox and Benjamin Carles and wife, from Eureka, stopping at the White house.

Wm. Richardson and Ed Farnsworth, from Frisco, are at the White house. A. J. Peters from Park City is stopping at the Walker house.

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Thomas E. Conner, from Bingham registered at the Walker house. Mrs. Susie B. Emery is up from Park City stopping at the Knutsford.

Frank Wolf, a prominent citizen of the Quaker City is registered at the Knutsford. H. Klingensfeld and T. S. Winans are New Yorkers at the Knutsford.

Leon Bryant, Cincinnati, is a guest of the Knutsford. R. Knighton, Jr., a business man of San Francisco, is stopping at the Knutsford.

S. P. Hartman and wife from Brooklyn are guests of the Templeton. J. B. Simpson a commercial man from Detroit is registered at the Templeton.

W. L. Alderson and L. C. Young, Norfolk, Va., and R. C. Waddell, Newport News, Va., are guests of the Templeton. E. F. Farnsworth a business man of Chicago is at the Templeton.

F. E. Lewis, Milwaukee, is registered at the Templeton. THE DISAPPEARANCE OF ENNU. There are undoubtedly persons who are born tired, and there are women who are bored with their first dolls. These are exceptional, not normal. In this country it may be laid down as a rule that

youth of either sex rarely suffers from ennui. It may still be found to some extent, doubtless, among maiden ladies living in boarding houses, whose means are limited, and who feel isolated from the wholesome necessity of exertion. It is to be found in greater degree among men similarly situated, living economically in small towns, forbidden to engage in business, lest they lose their little all, and dependent for recreation on the morning paper and the observation of other men's games of billiards at the local saloon. It is a habit of other people, and even to their temperaments; for, whatever it may be with the human race, it is not with the native American of either sex inclined to work, not to idleness. The task of this physician is not to cure him, but to make him more idle. When he is too rich for convenience already, he keeps on working, not so much to make more money as for sheer love of the game. He stays near the city, and does not, like the other, become a landed proprietor and buy an estate in the country a dozen miles from any other estate.

As with the old, so with the young. The young clubmen of our cities are not simply well, like their London prototypes; they must be bankers and speculators also. Pelham and Vivian Gray and the Count of Monte Cristo are prototypes; Barnes Newcome is the ideal. The American Van Bibber and Mr. Barnes of New York are good copies of him. To be sure, Thackeray says, "I do not know what there was about the young gentlemen who inspired every one of his own sex with a strong desire to kick him," but it is very certain that he was not a failure in the line of ennui. As to the other sex, we have the assurance of the highest living authority that the young women of our time are not so much bored as they were in former times. "Unless a fashionable woman attends the opera three times a week, dines out seven days in the week, and goes to the house to another, and goes nightly to a ball or dance, she feels as if losing her mind. But all this interest comes from 'langor of mind resulting from lack of occupation.'"—Harpers Bazar.

After the Spanking—Mother—Now, Johnnie, I don't want to ever catch you in that jam closet again. Johnnie (sobbing)—An' I don't want you to, neither.—Detroit Free Press.

MORE RECORDS SMASHED.

The Finest Bicycle Races Ever Witnessed Here.

A LARGE ATTENDANCE.

EVANS CAPTURES THE TWO MILE UTAH CHAMPIONSHIP.

Cummings Captures the Novice—Weller Wins the Five Mile and Breaks Several Records—Evans Makes a Record in the Half Mile Open—Thatcher Takes the Boys' Race and Coffin the Business Men's.

The bicycle races at the Salt Lake cycle track yesterday were in all respects far and away ahead of anything of the kind ever witnessed in Utah.

The day was all that could be desired, the track was in fine shape, the men were in splendid condition, while the attendance was the largest ever seen at a meet here, the grand stand being packed.

For the success of this affair great credit is due the management, the arrangements being almost perfect. There were no long tedious waits, the events following each other in quick succession. The result will be to give this finest of all outdoor sport a great impetus, and with yesterday's record, we may look for steady improvement hereafter.

And the way the records were smashed was a caution!

Evans took the first turn at this, and in the half mile open, clipped 2-5 of a second off the old mark.

The Wherabouts of W. C. Brownlee Still Unknown. The whereabouts of W. C. Brownlee is still unknown to his friends, the continued search having proven fruitless. It is now almost certain that he is not dead, as the looking for him has been continued. The investigation having been conducted by the anxious searchers, the latter are entirely in the dark in the face of the non-success of the search. There now seems to be some question as to Brownlee's suicidal intentions.

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F. E. Lewis, Milwaukee, is registered at the Templeton. THE BOYS DO GREAT WORK. Then came the half-mile boys' handicap, Frank Thatcher being on the scratch, with R. T. Grames 50 yards and Hamilton Coffin 40 yards. Thatcher overhauled the others in short order and landed the race in 1:11 1-5, with Coffin second and Grames a close third.

SOME TRICK RIDING. A fine exhibition of trick riding was then given by Harry Emise and young Groshell. The lads performed some exceedingly difficult feats, and did it with the same grace that the modern have done credit to professionals. They were loudly applauded by the spectators.

THE 2-50 CLASS. For the 2-50 class, one mile race, the

judges were unable to say that either man had any advantage and called it a dead heat. The time made was only 2:40, and as this was above the limit it was called no race anyway and was ordered run over, the time limit letting 2:30 in for the next trial.

While the men were waiting for other events were run off, and the championship race was held for the last. The men came out again looking a little tired. A slight breeze was blowing, just enough to freshen the men without telling against time. There was excitement everywhere when the racers met at the scratch. Owing to the previous exertions of the men the time limit was taken off. Evans led for the first two laps, and then Gunn made the pace. In the fifth, when McIntyre went to the front. The men reserved their strength until the fifth, when the race began in earnest.

During the last lap, McIntyre and Gunn struggled desperately, the former to maintain his lead, while Evans followed a close third. On the stretch it looked as though McIntyre had the race, he being just a little in advance of Gunn, and just at the critical stage Evans shot between the two and won by a few inches in 5:34 2-5.

THE BUSINESS MEN'S RACE. E. C. Coffin and A. P. Senior were the only contestants in the business men's race of one mile. The men alternated until the last lap, when Senior went ahead at a hot pace. He was overhauled by Coffin, and they crossed the tape together in 2:56.

It was decided a dead heat and the race was ordered run over. On the second trial, the men did not loaf during any stage, and Coffin took the race by about four inches. Time—2:52 1-5.

FIVE MILE HANDICAP. Weller was the only man on the scratch in the five-mile handicap, F. D. Heath, Arthur Liday and L. E. Riter, Jr., each getting 220 yards and 6 inches, Butler 225 yards. It was simply a question as to who would take Weller to overhaul the others, and he passed them one by one, making the two miles in 5:21 1-5, the three miles in 8:33 1-5, the four miles in 10:31 2-5, and the five miles in 13:42 2-5, bringing all the records down and winning with ease.

THE CONSOLATION. This event brought out Robbins, Liday and Riter. It was really between Robbins and Riter, as Liday wasn't in it at any stage. It was nip and tuck between the two leaders from the start, the finish being very close, Riter winning in 2:47 1-5.

NOTES. Thatcher yesterday proved himself to be the most promising of all the young riders. Cummings won his spurs yesterday. He will finish first a good many times hereafter.

That boy Riter is all right. He will be heard from later. The Jensen boys were not on the track yesterday. Holgar was disabled and Thorvald was disqualified for the championship event, being beaten by Evans for a place after one dead heat on the trial.

Heath is a promising racer. He made a splendid showing in the five-mile handicap, and there was some doubt as to whether his tire had been punctured during the race.

Mr. Coffin surprised his friends yesterday. He did some splendid work yesterday, although he didn't finish first. The half-mile open was the most exciting race of the season.

To Glenwood Springs and Return. The Rio Grande Western railway, in connection with the "Midland" Santa Fe route, is now selling tickets from Salt Lake City to Glenwood Springs, and return for only \$16.50. Tickets good thirty days. Ticket office, 15 West Second South street.

Emerson plans at Daynes & Coalter. HOTHOUSES ON WHEELS AND RAILS. An enterprising scheme has been started by a firm of horticulturists. It consists of a number of cars, each carrying a large number of plants, and is forced heat is required for a certain time and in a certain spot in a garden where it would be hardly worth while to go to the expense and trouble of making the ordinary arrangement for such conveniences. To meet such cases a system of moving glass houses has been organized. The houses, which have no roof, are mounted on wheels, and are run on rails, and crops which are to be forced, protected or ripened in succession may be brought under the glass as they stand in a nominal cost that will be a more rapid and at the same time more economical production of fruits, flowers and vegetables may be undertaken. In securing a succession of crops the expense is but too often prohibitive, and the new system certainly seems to be a means of overcoming climatic irregularities and inclemencies at a nominal cost that will be welcomed by horticulturists, both professional and amateur.

Meeting Postponed. Territorial Democratic Committee. Salt Lake City, July 2, 1894. In view of the great Democratic reunion to be held at Saltair on July 14, it has been deemed advisable to postpone the meeting of the territorial committee called for July 7, until July 14, to meet at the same hour and place as previously arranged. Members of the committee will please take notice and govern themselves accordingly. JOHN T. CAINE, Chairman.

SEA-SHELL MURMURS. The hollow sea shell which for years hath stood dusty shelves, when held against the ear, Proclaims its stormy parent; and we hear the faint far murmur of the breaking flood.

We hear the sea. The sea? It is the blood In our own veins, impetuous and near. And pulses keeping pace with hope and fear. And with our feelings' every shifting mood, In my heart I hear, as in a shell. The hum of earthly instincts; and we crave A world unreal as the shell-heard sea.

Current water ice, which is also good, is made by boiling one pound of sugar into a syrup, and then adding one pound of water, and stirring until it forms a thick syrup; take from the fire, add a pint and a half of red currant juice, let it cool, pour in a freezer, when half frozen stir in the beaten whites of six eggs; mold and freeze hard.

The number of a world beyond the grave. Distinct, distinct, though faint and far it be.

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The number of a world beyond the grave. Distinct, distinct, though faint and far it be.

Thou fool, this echo is a cheat as well.—The hum of earthly instincts; and we crave A world unreal as the shell-heard sea.

Current water ice, which is also good, is made by boiling one pound of sugar into a syrup, and then adding one pound of water, and stirring until it forms a thick syrup; take from the fire, add a pint and a half of red currant juice, let it cool, pour in a freezer, when half frozen stir in the beaten whites of six eggs; mold and freeze hard.